



But, I know it, I am sure I will follow you, I will come wherever you are In your soul I live, I am without measure

There is no place for anyone but me

**Before you may sparkle many faces It is me looking at you through their eyes, In every voice, you will hear my language
In every sound you will perceive my confession.**



Only when you hold the cigarette through the lips. And when the feet make brush against



Երկրորդ (Կոմունիստական) համաժողովը (1960-1961)
Ինչպես ասացի, դու չես կարողանում մոռալ Սյլվա Կապուտիկյան